The book cover is a deep green color with a fine, woven texture. It features an intricate, embossed decorative border that frames the central text. The border consists of a series of interlocking, stylized scroll and leaf motifs, creating a complex, lace-like pattern. In the center of the cover, the title is printed in a gold-colored, serif font. The text is arranged in three lines: the top line is a curved banner containing the words "SKETCHES OF SCENERY & C.", the middle line is the word "IN" in a smaller, centered font, and the bottom line is another curved banner containing the words "CALIFORNIA & MEXICO.". A small, dark, rectangular mark is visible in the upper right corner of the cover.

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IN
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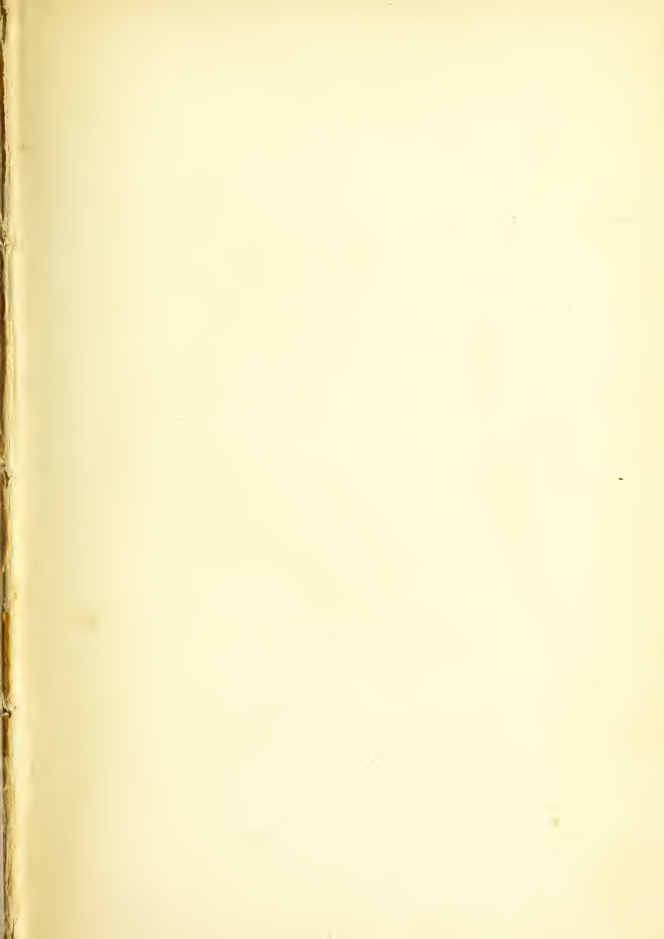
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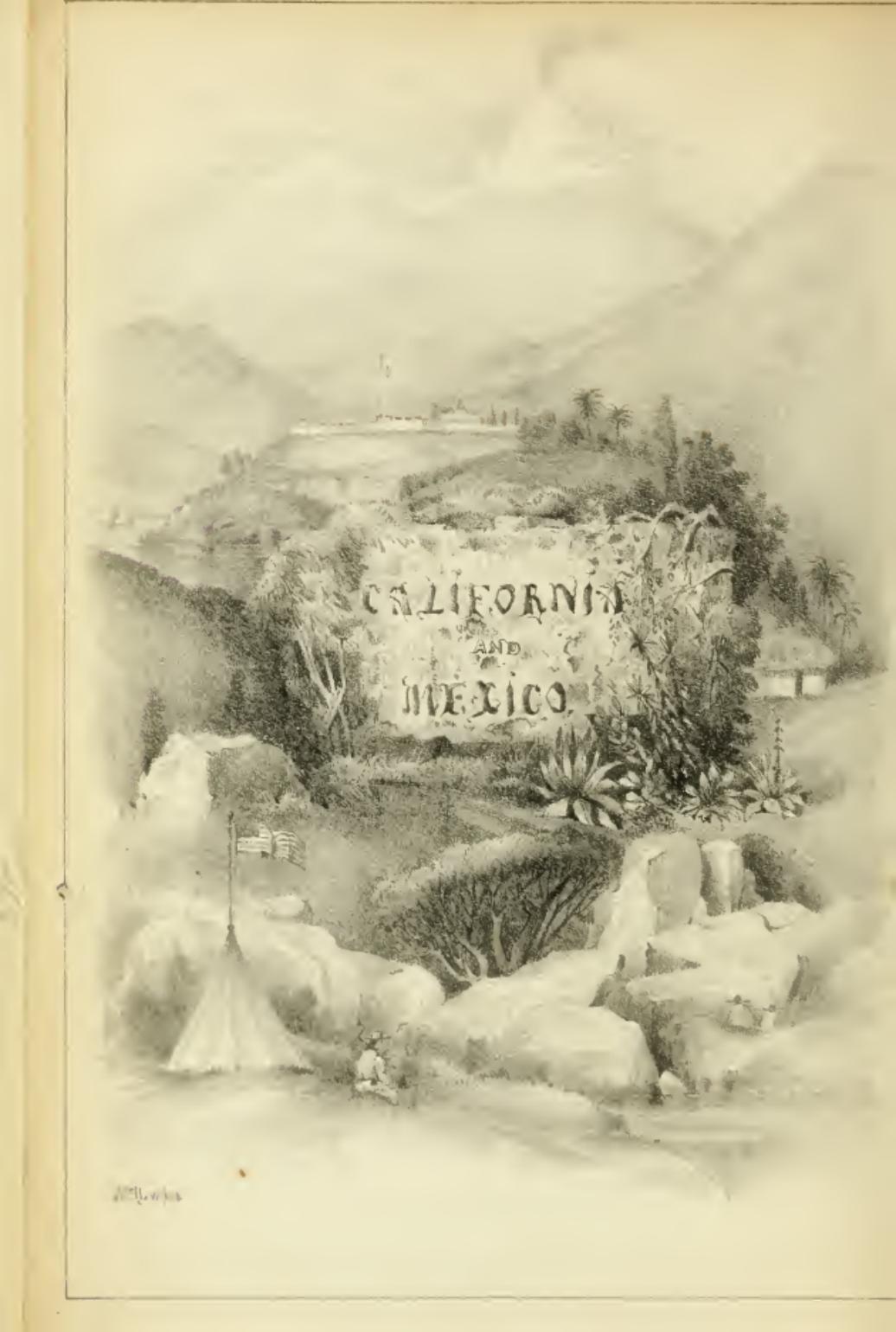
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CALIFORNIA
AND
MEXICO

SKETCHES OF SCENERY

AND

NOTES OF PERSONAL ADVENTURE,

IN

CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

CONTAINING

SIXTEEN LITHOGRAPHIC PLATES.

BY WILLIAM M'ILVAINE, JR.

PHILADELPHIA.

1850.

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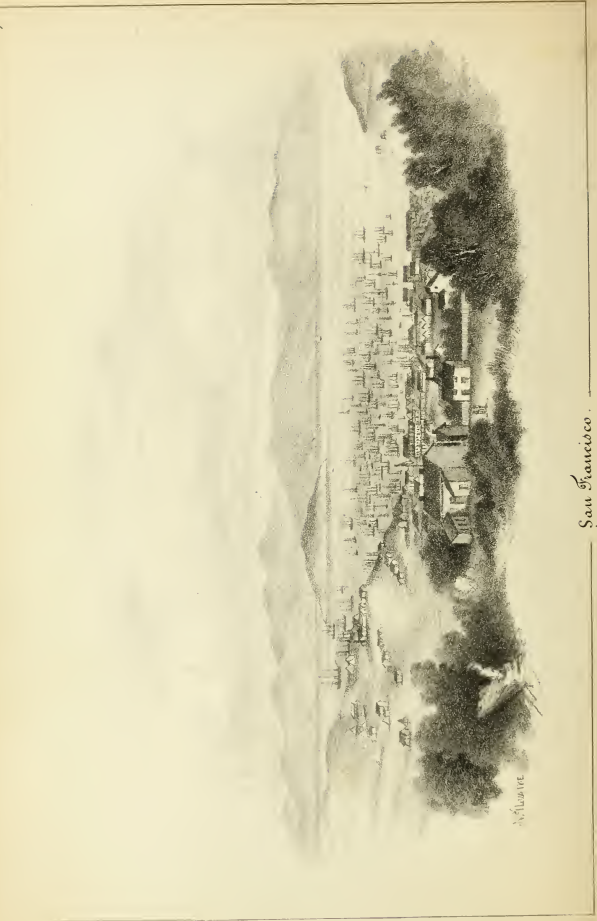
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San Francisco.

PLATE I.

VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ON the 1st June, 1849, after a pleasant voyage of sixty days from Callao, we discovered ahead of us the cluster of rocks about twenty-five miles outside the Bay of San Francisco: and shortly after found ourselves entering the straits, about two miles broad and five long, by which the Bay is connected with the sea.

On both sides the land was high and precipitous—on the northern, the mountains attaining considerable elevation.

We passed the Fort, which is on a commanding height, and turning the point, the city and crowd of shipping were before us.

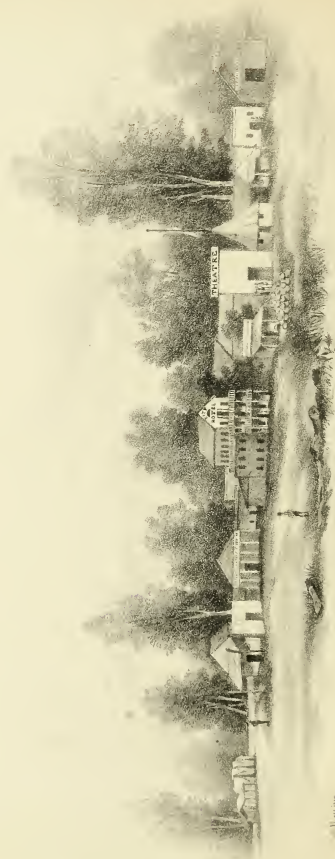
We landed in a small boat at the rocky point on the right of the engraving—a sandy beach, over a mile in length, sweeping round from there to the city. On this beach, at that time, there were scarcely half a dozen tents: it has since become densely crowded, and known as Happy-Valley. Having here no rent to pay for the use of the ground, new comers, cooking their own meals, incur but small expense till their arrangements are made for going to the mines.

This view is taken from the hill back of the town. In favourable states of the weather, the island and opposite shore appear quite near; but often for weeks it is impossible to catch a glimpse of either, on account of the haze.

The flag in the centre of the drawing stands in the Plaza—in front of the Custom House, an old tile-roofed structure. The large building on the opposite side of the Plaza, to the right of the flag, is the Parker House, which has since been destroyed by fire.

The high ground to the left hides a great portion of the shipping, which extends in that direction completely round the point.

To the right of the drawing, off Happy-Valley, the water is very shallow, a broad bank being exposed at low tide.



W. H. RAYMOND

Sacramento City.

PLATE II.

SACRAMENTO CITY.

LEAVING San Francisco for the Rivers, we pass over the Bay of San Francisco, through a contraction of the land into San Pablo Bay, and then, through the Straits of Carquines, into Suisoon Bay, into which the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin empty by a common mouth. The town of Benecia is situated on the left-hand shore of the Strait of Carquines.

The Sacramento is quite a pretty river, the shores lined with many large trees—fine oaks and immense sycamores. A great profusion of vines droop from many of the trees.

A few miles below Sacramento City is Sutterville, consisting of some large tents, a few vessels used as store-houses, and an encampment of U. S. troops.

Sacramento City can scarcely be seen from the water, from the dense growth of sycamore and other trees lining the bank. A large number of vessels are moored along shore and used as stores.

The large building in the centre of the engraving is the City Hotel; the late flood rose so high as to make it necessary to enter from boats through the second story window. The building was being erected up the country for a mill, before the discovery of gold, but was afterwards taken down, removed to its present site, and turned into a comfortable house. To the right of the City Hotel is the Theatre, a large but frail structure.

Just beyond the trees on the left of the engraving, a slough runs through the city, looking as if it might conduce much to the sickness of the place at certain seasons.

The board house on the extreme right is the store of Mr. Brannan, a very rich merchant, who was the first to carry to San Francisco the news of the discovery of gold. Twenty-four hours after, San Francisco was deserted, every one wending to the mines.



Sutter's Fort.

PLATE III.

SUTTER'S FORT.

Two miles back from Sacramento City is Sutter's Fort. There are several groups of fine trees near it: immediately beyond it a very large fine oak, under the wide-spreading branches of which is the burial-ground, filling up very fast.

In one angle of the Fort is a hospital. The large building in the centre is used as a hotel, and around the Fort are several stores. It is in a dilapidated condition.

Wishing to visit the mines approached from this point, I threw my baggage one day on one of two ox-teams passing the Fort in company, determining to accompany them myself a-foot.

We passed Leidsdorff's and other ranchos, and encamped the first night about ten miles from the Fort, at a point where the road leaves the American Fork, and stretches more than sixteen miles across a prairie, without grass or water.

The next morning we rose before daylight, and had breakfast over for an early start, when a yoke of oxen were found to be missing, supposed to have wandered back towards the city. One of the men went back in search of them, and the other could not go on unless I would consent to take charge of one of the teams, which, rather than spend the day idly in the prairie, I determined to do.

The sun was high and hot before we set off; the road deep in dust, a slight wind in our faces keeping us enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of it. Team-driving, under these influences of sun and dust, turned out to be a great trial of strength and patience. During the early part of the day we whipped along pretty well, the road broad and level over the flat prairie. About mid-day one of our animals was discovered down—the sun and thirst were too much for him. We left him on the road in a dying condition. The road, in fact, during this day's journey was strown almost as thick with dead and dying oxen, as the Isthmus road is at times with dead and dying mules.

At last, an hour or two after dark, nearly dead with thirst and smothered with dust, we reached water and grass—turned out the survivors of our cattle, for there were many delinquents besides the one I have mentioned—got our own indigestible suppers at a miserable tent, and, creeping under the wagons, lay down in the soft dust and slept soundly till sunrise.

During the night the man came in with the yoke which had wandered, and as my services were then no longer necessary, and I had no wish to continue a teamster, I put my sketch-book under my arm, and set off alone towards Culloma.

We were now just entering the picturesque region ; the hills became higher and higher, and more thickly covered with oaks. At last pines and other mountain trees made their appearance. At the encampment called Green Spring, was served up a pretty good dinner for California. Seven miles from Culloma, I crossed Weaver's Creek, on which were some of the earliest diggings.

The scenery continued to improve, and sunset found me in Culloma, searching for the trading tents of my friends the teamsters, that I might apprise their partners of their near approach.

Gutters Mill.

W. H. H. H.



PLATE IV.

SUTTER'S MILL.

THE town of Culloma—or Sutter's Mill, as it is usually called—is situated on both sides of the South Fork, which is crossed by means of a bridge, a scow ferry, and by foot passengers over the dam of the mill.

The town is pretty large, containing many trading establishments, with the usual proportion of gambling and eating houses.

The river up and down is beautiful, and the diggings of the neighbourhood are rich.

The Cañon at the upper end of the town makes a fine picture.

The object of most interest, however, is the Mill itself. The view of it in Plate IV. is taken from a point to show the rude and unfinished race, in endeavouring to enlarge which the first discovery of gold was made.

Much business was doing at the Mill, keeping it running day and night. In consequence of its location here, Culloma can boast of more board-houses than the other towns of the mining regions.



Stockton.

PLATE V.

STOCKTON.

STOCKTON, the point from which the southern mines are usually approached, is situated on a slough which empties into the San Joaquin River. The scenery of the San Joaquin is entirely different from that of the Sacramento—immense Tulàrè (bulrush) marshes extending on both sides as far as the eye can reach. Scarcely a tree can be discovered till you approach Stockton.

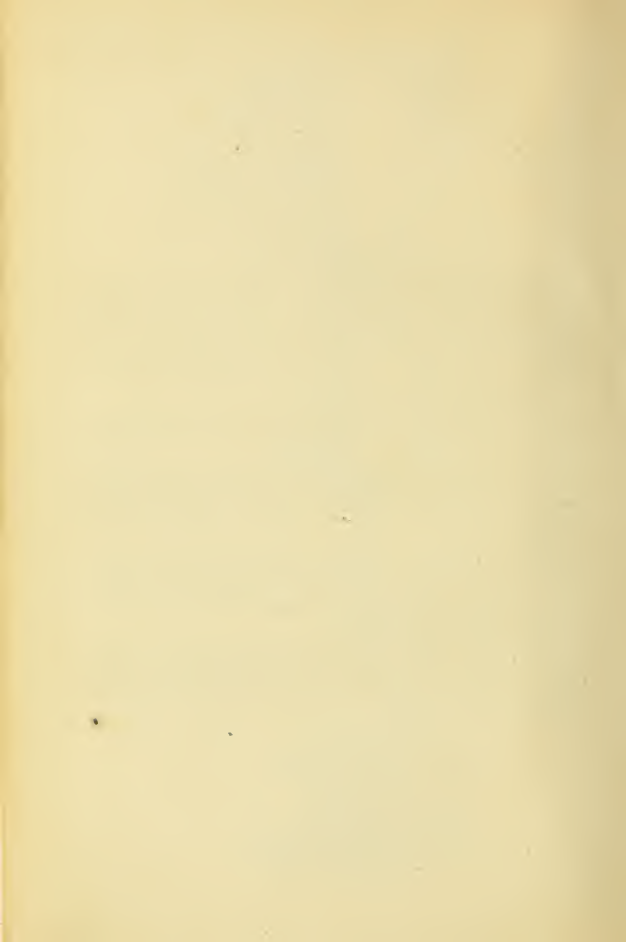
Near the place where the two rivers empty by a common mouth into Suisoon Bay, is situated the city of New-York of the Pacific, a small affair at present.

The San Joaquin is a very tortuous river, and the scenery as monotonous and uninteresting as possible. On ascending the rigging of our craft, the Tulàrè marshes appeared to extend to the base of the distant mountains.

The Sierra Nevada, on one side of us, were too distant to enter into the scene as objects of beauty, though their snowy summits could sometimes be discovered. Monte Diabolo, on the opposite side, was, however, our constant beautiful companion during the tedious days spent in ascending and descending the river.

Along the bank in front of Stockton, as at Sacramento City, a large number of vessels are moored, and used as boarding-houses and stores.

The water of the slough cannot be used for drinking, but there are several fine wells in the town.





Prairie.

W. H. H. H.

PLATE VI.

PRAIRIE SCENE.

ON leaving Stockton for the mines of the Stanislaugh, Towalumne, and other southern rivers, a prairie similar to the one back of Sacramento City must be crossed.

Our first night's encampment, exhibited in Plate VI., was at a belt of wood traversing the prairie, about twelve miles from Stockton, where there was good grass and water. From here to the Stanislaugh, a distance of twenty miles, there was but one place where water could be procured, at a spot known as the lone tree, and not even there if a large party had just before been passing.

In some directions the prairie looked like a yellow sea, and the faintly descried trees like distant sails.

The banks of the Stanislaugh are high and beautifully wooded, and from some of the surrounding heights fine views of the Sierra Nevada, and long sweeps of the valley of the river can be obtained.



W. J. F. 1886

Woods Creek

PLATE VII.

WOOD'S CREEK.

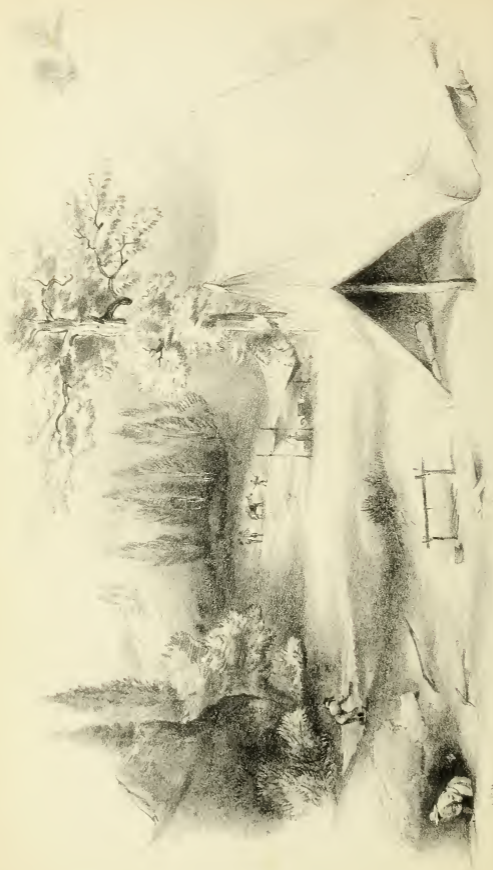
A TURN in the road, as we were descending at sunset a high hill, brought into view a number of tents and thatched cabins; and a few steps further on, in the bottom of a gulley, a number of men at work; some in deep pits, some washing earth in tin pans and wooden bowls, and others with cradle-like rocking machines. It was the bed of Wood's Creek, where these operations were going on, and the scene is represented in Plate VII.

After some days, we left this neighbourhood for Sullivan's diggings, passing on the way through the Mexican (Sonorian) encampment, the most beautiful one in the mines, boasting many ladies among its inhabitants, where the dry-goods and other stores had quite a city look, and where even ice creams could be procured.

Sullivan's is three miles from the Sonorian, and not more inviting in appearance than Wood's. Many very rich pockets have been found in the neighbourhood. On many occasions, however, the labour and expense of getting down to the pocket eats up a great portion of the prize. Many of the miners were suffering with cutaneous diseases, caused by contact with poisonous plants, of which the country is full.

The beds of the creeks, at certain seasons of the year, are almost dry.

(17)



Kaunaka Creek.

J. H. Bennett

PLATE VIII.

KANAKA CREEK.

PLATE VIII. is a scene on Kanaka Creek, a short distance above where it empties into the Towalumne. A party of Kanakas were the first to open ground here, and with a good deal of success.

The scenery on the Towalumne is beautiful, some of the finest I saw in the country. The Cañons are extremely wild and picturesque. Many of the bars have turned out rich.

Wood's Creek empties into the Towalumne about three miles below Kanaka Creek. At the mouth of Wood's Creek is a large encampment called Jacksonville.

Passing the Towalumne, the next river is the Merced, with scenery very similar.

Still further south there are other rich diggings; but the country was found unusually sickly, and the grizzly bears and wild Indians numerous and troublesome.



Gaŕon on the Towalunne.

PLATE IX.

A MINER: CAÑON ON THE TOWALUMNE.

THE costume of the miner usually consists of heavy boots, with the tops drawn over the pantaloons, which are of velveteen or some other stout material. Around the waist is always a red sash, and in the leg of the right boot they carry, Spanish fashion, a large knife. A revolver can usually be discovered somewhere about the person. Hats of various kinds are worn: many Panamas, procured on the Isthmus. The red or blue woollen shirt is almost universal. The hair and beard are allowed to grow unshorn. When stationary, many of the tents are very comfortable. Some adventurers carry no tents along, but trust altogether to circumstances.

It is only those who are most successful, or who succeed to a certain extent, that can afford to go down at intervals to San Francisco and the other cities, and risk their hundreds or thousands of dollars on a card at monte.

Persons who remain at the cities, seeing only these, are inclined to suppose success much more general among the diggers than it really is.

PLATE X.

TITLE PAGE: MEXICAN AND CALIFORNIA SCENERY.

IN the lower part of the title page is a miner sitting near his tent, apparently considering whether he shall start on a prospecting tour. In case he does so, he usually takes with him a pick and pan. Much time is lost in wandering about the country on these tours. Every new comer catches the prospecting mania, and it is often many weeks before he can settle quietly down to work.

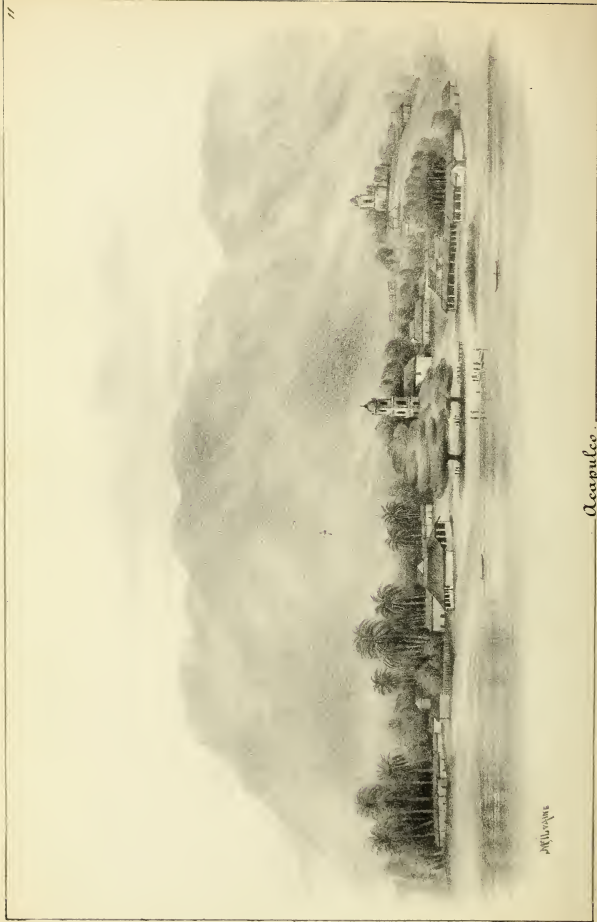
The upper part of the plate is composed of snow-capped volcanoes and a fort—of palms, aloe, and cactus—characteristic of Mexican scenery.

We left San Francisco November 1st, 1849, on board the steamer *California*, and arrived the next day off Monterey. The hills back of that town are high and picturesque.

At San Diego, we lay nearly a day. The weather had previously been cold and rainy, but here we experienced a delightful change—a fine Italian temperature. The town is situated at the head of the bay, five miles from the anchorage of ships. It is not large or inviting in any way. Near the anchorage is a collection of store-houses for hides, and some stores and tents.

We enjoyed very much an anchorage of a few hours off Mazatlan, a beautiful-looking place from the sea. In front of the port is the promontory of Creston: the resemblance it bears, from a certain point, to a sleeping lion, is very striking. Many California emigrants reach Mazatlan by way of the Rio Grande and Durango.

San Blas, a short distance further south, is situated on an eminence of rock, surrounded by low swampy plains. During a large part of the year the place is nearly deserted on account of sickness. The inhabitants then fly to Tepic, eight leagues off—an agreeable town of high elevation and healthy atmosphere. The most usual route home from California through Mexico, is by way of San Blas, Guadalajara, and the Capital—conveyance by diligences being found nearly the whole way.



M. Leveque

Acapulco.

PLATE XI.

ACAPULCO.

Our steamer sailed directly towards a high rock-bound coast, on nearing which an opening was discovered, and having passed in some distance, we saw, on an indentation to the left, the fort and town of Acapulco.

The bay is so completely land-locked that one approaching it from the country might mistake it, surrounded with its high granite mountains, for a lake.

The town is beautiful, containing avenues of palm and other picturesque trees; huts built (many of them) of reeds in a kind of basket work; a plaza with a fountain in the centre, and quite a neat church facing it.

The Castle of San Carlos is a formidable fortress, commanding the whole harbour. The heat is excessive, from its being closely surrounded by mountains. Some years ago, Colonel Barriero, Governor of the Castle, caused a cut to be made in the mountain near Langosta Bay, for the admission of the sea winds. It is called Abra de San Nicolas, and has a very effective and salutary influence. To the east of the town there is an extensive marsh, indicative of much sickness.

(25)



Ruins of Convent at Aexpulee

PLATE XII.

RUINS OF A CONVENT AT ACAPULCO.

On the highest elevation in the town are the ruins of a convent, the view from which is very fine, overlooking the town and bay, and the low marshy country beyond, covered with the green, rank growth of tropical vegetation.

Acapulco is not well situated for internal commerce, the country between it and the Capital being difficult to cross, and containing but small strips of land capable of cultivation.

In the tierra caliente of Acapulco is found the palm, banana, cactus, and other plants of great beauty or singularity. The banana is the plant of most use, furnishing, with scarcely any labour, an immense quantity of nourishment. A spot of ground a thousand feet square will yield, it is said, in a year, four thousand pounds of nutritive substance.

The tardy movements of the natives detained my friend and myself several days at Acapulco, before we could be provided with mules to carry us to the city of Mexico. Five suitable animals were at length brought in—two to be used for pack-mules, and one for our Mexican guide. We were both armed sufficiently well for most emergencies, and our guide sported a knife of the longest pattern.

We commenced our journey after dinner, with the intention of going twelve miles that evening, to a small Indian village. It was a pleasant ride; the mules were fresh, and started off briskly; there was a fine sea-breeze in our faces, and our path, a narrow but well-beaten trail, lay through a wild growth of tropical foliage.

We reached the village about sunset. The best accommodation it could afford us was the outside of a dirty hut, where we were permitted to stack up our baggage and take our rest. Information coming that supper was ready inside, we held a consultation whether it would be safe to enter. At length sharp hunger persuaded one in, and the other

soon followed, in defiance of blackness and filth, and ominous forebodings of hosts of living plagues not to be named.

These miserable hovels have earthen floors, on any part of which a fire is raised to cook by : as they have no chimneys, the smoke finds its own way out.

When anything whatever can be procured at these places, the bill of fare usually consists of pepper-sauce, tortillas (a most unpalatable preparation of Indian corn), and fowl, so concocted with unknown unsavoury articles as to require one to be almost in a starving condition to venture to attack it.

Fortunately, we had supplied our saddle-bags with a small stock of chocolate, ground coffee, and brandy, without which we should have famished in the wilderness, instead of reaching the city of Mexico.

Our path during the afternoon had continued nearly parallel to the sea-shore, so that not being yet out of the region of mosquitoes, we found on lying down that sleep would be impossible. After turning and tossing about till we were tired, we rose, and, though it was only two o'clock, determined to push on, instead of waiting till four, as we had proposed ; thinking any change of place or torture must be for the better.

As our train passed through the village, our ears were assailed by the horrid barking and yells of hundreds of miserable curs, such as infest all these small villages, and never fail to greet travellers who pass through their quarters at night with deafening and almost incredible noise.

The good path of the previous evening was soon succeeded by a rugged, steep and dangerous one, darkened besides by dense forests or rocky gorges. My limbs obstructed my way, first one and then the other becoming ground against the jagged sides of the narrow trail.

We went of course Indian file ; the guide in front, with the first pack-mule's nose tied to the tail of the mule he rode, and the nose of the second pack-mule tied to the tail of the first, so as to keep them from straying in the dark. My companion followed, and I brought up the rear.

Sometimes we found our mules floundering in the stony bottoms of mountain torrents which crossed our path ; at other times dragging us through thick bushes, where it was difficult to keep from being robbed of our hats and clothing. Sometimes we knew they were stepping most cautiously up steep and rugged places. Several times they came to a dead stand, proving some insurmountable difficulty in their way.

Then would they twist and turn about to find the proper path, which we had to leave entirely to their better judgments—no pleasant predicament amidst frightful precipices. Our hardest contest, however, was against sleep. The utter darkness, and the fact of our not having been able to get a moment's repose at the stopping-place, rendered it almost impossible for me to keep my eyes open. Several times I caught myself nodding, and on the point of falling off. I wished for the light of day, to irritate at least my visual organs. It came at length, when we found ourselves very near the summit of a mountain range, with fine views on either side; and as the day advanced, our ride again became pleasant and exhilarating in the fresh mountain air.

Shortly after sunrise we came to a small hacienda, where fortunately we procured some fresh milk, and having the *et ceteras* in our saddle-bags, luxuriated on a bowl of fine milk-punch. This was the only time on the whole journey, till within a short distance of the city, that we were able to obtain milk, though we passed in some places large herds of cattle.

We usually started about four o'clock in the morning, first making our guide kindle a fire and give us a cup of strong coffee or chocolate, sustained by which we often had to perform our whole day's ride, getting no other refreshment till we reached our stopping-place for the night, about five or six o'clock, and sometimes later.

We passed through a silver mine region, and also through a district where both the old and young appeared to be affected with goitre, and some of them to a disgusting extent.

A great part of the route was through a wild Indian country.

We crossed two rather formidable rivers, the Papagallo and Mescala. We reached the Papagallo first, on the borders of which the muleteers are often detained a long time, during swells. Ourselves and baggage were taken over in canoes; the mules were driven in and forced to swim.

The Mescala was the wider and more rapid of the two. We crossed it on a raft of reeds laced together on the top of gourds. The structure, about six feet square, looked quite light and frail; the Indians carried it about upon their heads; yet it bore us two and our baggage over with ease and safety. We crossed the stream diagonally, an Indian swimming alongside, holding a corner of the raft with one hand, and striking out lustily with the other for the opposite shore. After arriving there the raft was launched again, and taken by the current still further down the stream; when the Indian, dragging it on to the beach, put it on his

back, and carried it to the original place of departure for another load. The mules were driven into the river, and a bevy of Indians, jumping in after them, with yells and splashing, forced them to swim with all the vigour of their legs to the opposite bank.

We crossed the Mescala in this amusing manner one evening about sunset, and passed on about a mile to a small village, where we got accommodations for the night—on the ground, in a dirty yard.

Such ugly, mysterious-looking fellows, wrapped up in their serapas, used to skulk around us all night, that, in order to save our baggage from being pilfered, we were forced to lie upon it, and to keep our fire-arms with us under the blankets, ready for use at a moment's warning.

We passed through a region where cacti innumerable covered the mountains to their very tops. It had a singular appearance. The plant seems to derive sufficient nourishment from the most arid soils: sometimes springing up out of the sides of precipitous rocks quite destitute, as far as we could see, of any earthy covering. Sometimes from a common trunk an immense number of stems branched out and shot up, forming a dense mass of green columns. At others, one single stem shot up, perfectly straight, to the height of fifty feet. This kind of cactus is called *Organo*, from its resemblance to the pipes of an organ. Many of the villages we passed through had hedges of organo surrounding their little patches of maize.

Numerous varieties of the aloe added much to the picturesqueness of the mountain scenery. Most beautiful species of the convolvulus—white, blue, and red—covered in some places the whole ground, and even large trees were completely hid under masses of flowers. The effect was particularly fine where some of them had clambered up and entwined themselves with the stiff and straight cactus. Smaller flowers and mosses in endless varieties were continually attracting our eye, but we had not leisure to pay much attention to them.

Pulque is the great drink of the country. It has a very peculiar taste, to some strangers agreeable, to others not so. It is made from a species of aloe—the *Agave Americana*—called by the natives *Maguey*. It is very cheap, and of a beautiful pure snow white appearance. Along our path, even in sterile and rocky places, where it seemed impossible for anything to grow, we saw quantities of the maguey. It is not affected by drought, to which so many other crops are liable. At Tllocotitlan, the largest quantity and most agreeable kind of pulque is made. One plant will sometimes yield several gallons a day for many months.

More than ten millions of gallons are annually consumed in the city of Mexico. The plant arrives at maturity in from eight to fifteen years. The period of flowering is closely watched, and just as the stem is about to shoot up, the top is cut off, and the cavity formed into which the sap flows. The liquid is scooped out several times a day, and placed, with a little old pulque, in earthen jars, where it ferments. After the fermentation ceases, the pulque is fit for use, being best when fresh. This aloe supplied thatch for the dwellings of the ancient Mexicans; thread, paper, and clothes were made of it; the thorns were used as pins, and its root as food.

Chilpansingo was the first town we came to of any size or pretension. It is forty-three leagues from Acapulco; three thousand five hundred and forty-two feet above the sea, and surrounded by a fertile valley. We spent the morning of a delightful day there, witnessing a scene of great rejoicing on the occasion of General Alvarez paying the town a visit. Fire-crackers and small cannons were popping off on all sides; gaudy draperies hanging from the windows, and arches of greens and flowers crossing the streets through which he was to pass.

We set off after dinner and went three leagues further to Zumpango, arriving there after dark. This is a smaller place than Chilpansingo, but still of size enough to boast an extensive *meson*. We rode up to the immense gateway, and, rapping away till it was opened, entered into the yard. Another party, consisting of two females—a Scotch woman and a French woman—with an escort of six or eight German and French gentlemen, had arrived a short time before us, from the city of Mexico, bound to Acapulco.

Each party immediately began to inquire eagerly of the other about the remainder of their respective routes. Unfortunately, neither could give the other much encouragement. The picture drawn for us by them of what we had to encounter, was as gloomy as the one which we were forced to portray for them.

They were all well armed, particularly in the matter of swords. The ladies had each two pistols in their belts. Going slowly through that part of the country, as one is forced to do with pack-mules in company, it is necessary to be well armed, the idle robbers having time to collect in force and to attack you, if they think you unprepared for energetic resistance.

This was the first place where we would have the opportunity of sleeping under cover.

We ordered a supper, which was found to consist, as usual, of chile colorado, tortillas, and frijoles. Frijoles are a black pea, and when well cooked are quite palatable. But the universal article of food is the tortilla. The whole time of the women of the country seems to be employed in making these abominable things. You never look into a hut without seeing a girl down on her knees and occupied with their manufacture. The corn is first softened in water, and then mashed into a paste on a square stone. The dough, after being patted between their hands into thin cakes, is then placed on the fire.

They also make a gruel out of Indian corn, and a drink called *Chiche*. Maize is the principal food of both the people and their animals. Its cultivation is not confined, like the banana, to one region, but it is raised with equal certainty on a level with the ocean, and on the elevated plains of the Cordillera.

After supper we looked round for sleeping accommodations. The large square yards of the *mesons* are surrounded by rooms without windows or furniture—cold, damp, and dirty. In this one at Zumpango, as elsewhere, the pigs and poultry seemed to live as much in the rooms as in the yard—in fact, the yard was the cleaner place of the two.

Spreading our blankets on the earthen floor of one of the dismal chambers, my friend and I had scarcely got asleep, when we were startled by an unusual and alarming noise in the adjoining room, where the two ladies of the other party had spread their mats; our rooms communicating by a large unclosed arch. Striking a light to ascertain what in the world could be going on there, we saw the old Scotchwoman endeavouring to beat out a huge sow which had pushed open the door communicating with the yard, intent, as it seemed, on attacking a pile of corn in one corner of the room. After we had, with difficulty, expelled the animal, quiet reigned through the vaults long enough to bring us to the point of steeping our senses in forgetfulness, when a mysterious pit-a-pat on the hard floor informed us that some new adventure was at hand. On again striking a light, we found that some sheep had made a successful breach into the quarters of the ladies; and another highly ludicrous scene occurred between the persecuted Scotchwoman and the intruding flock.

We now offered our services to assist her in effectually barricading the door, and once more lay down to endeavour to get some of that rest which we so much needed. But there is no way of successfully guarding

against misfortunes; sooner or later, from one side or the other, they are sure to overtake us.

Our slumbers had not been of long duration, when a noise painfully sharp ringing through our ears, forced us once more to the conviction that another enemy was stalking with defiance through our stronghold.

A light being for the third time struck, the barricade was found unbroken; but passing through an open arch at the other end of the rooms, we discovered a large number of fighting cocks, tied by the feet to pegs driven into the floor. They were beginning at this unseasonable hour of the night to stretch their throats. We determined, on the instant, that the only resource in this emergency, would be to decapitate the enemy. At the urgent entreaties of the ladies, however, we refrained from doing so. But it was evident that further sleep was out of the question; so we all determined to pack our mules and travel on, thinking it better to be scrambling over the precipices in the dark, than fighting thus all night with the whole animal creation.

A scene now took place in the square prison-like yard of the *meson*, which requires to be seen to be appreciated. The mules of our two parties were dashing about, apparently on no very friendly footing with each other. The French and German gentlemen, half asleep, were dodging around, their long swords clashing against the stones. The ladies also seemed to have their hands full, gliding about like apparitions, stumbling over trunks, and calling out for lost packages. Spanish, German, French, and English—a very Babel of languages—was being echoed from the four walls. A pile of faggots in one corner of the yard had been ignited to illuminate our proceedings. A committee of one from each party had also in the meantime been despatched to rouse up the females of the *meson*, with orders to watch over them, and see that coffee and chocolate were prepared with all reasonable promptness.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange and eventful night, was one which the proprietor of a Mexican *meson* never allows his guests to escape—a squabble with them as to the genuineness of the coin offered in settlement of his bill. The first peso is sure to be refused; they seem to take it for granted that if you have a bad piece of money about you, you will offer it first. The second one they deign to ring upon the ground, which test brings them to the conviction that it is a counterfeit. The third one offered they take—after minute examination.

Everything being at last arranged for departure, and the huge portals

unbarred, unbolted, and thrown open, our two parties sallied out into the street, and there took a warm leave of each other.

Cuernavaca, forty-seven leagues from Zumpango, and seventeen from the city of Mexico, is five thousand four hundred and twenty-nine feet above the sea, and is situated on the south side of the Cordillera of Guchilaque. The climate is temperate and delicious. The great volcanoes of Puebla are seen to advantage from the streets of the town.

After the taking of the Capital in the late war, a detachment of our troops was sent as far as this place, for the purpose of collecting revenue. They were somewhat annoyed by the seizure of provisions by General Alvarez, for whom the people of Chilpansingo, as we passed through their town, were making such a joyous demonstration. The reputation of this general in other parts of Mexico, is not so enviable as that which he appears to enjoy towards the western coast.

Crossing the high elevation of La Cruz del Marques, from its eastern slope we got the first view of the great valley of Mexico, about an hour before sunset.

The distant city and surrounding plain, with its crater-shaped hills rising here and there; the former bed of the lake, now glistening with white incrustations of salt; and the snow-capped tops of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, could never have been seen under a more gorgeous atmospheric effect.

The mountain was a long and steep one to descend; the tints of the sky grew duller and duller, and some time before arriving at San Augustine, darkness had enveloped the scene.

San Augustine de las Cuevas is a beautiful town, five leagues from the city, and a place of fashionable resort at certain seasons of the year.

In the morning we rose to mount our jaded mules for the last time, and sallied out with unusual interest, as our ride was to be over the scenes of some of the great battles of General Scott.

It was in the neighbourhood of San Augustine, that, on the 20th August, 1847, the intrenched camp of General Valencia was taken by assault from the rear by Generals Riley and Cadwalader.

Santa Anna, who was at the time at San Angel, immediately retired to Churubusco.

The Convent of Churubusco, a few hundred yards to the left of the causeway along which we passed, was under command of General Rincon. After a severe contest at the bridge which crosses the small stream Churubusco, running along the north of the convent, the garrison

in the latter surrendered, just as the assaulting parties were mounting the parapets.

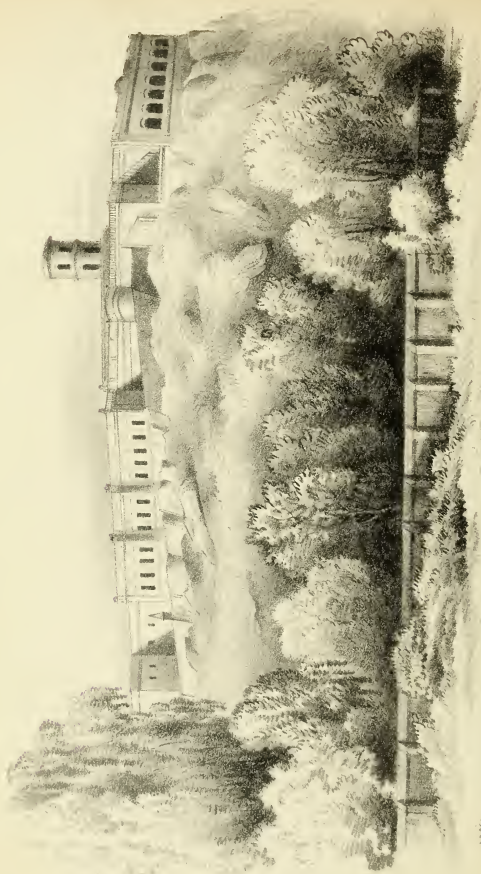
Continuing our journey, we entered the city at the Garita of San Antonia Abad, into which some of the dragoons, with Colonel Harney and Captains Kearney and Ker, actually entered in their hot pursuit of the flying masses from Churubusco. The astonished garrison, panic-stricken at the desperate charge, fired into the mass, confusedly, at friend and foe.

We had now been twelve days and nights upon the road; our mules were almost fagged to death with their hard mountain scramble, and ourselves soiled and way-worn.

We passed so slowly and quietly through the gate, that the sentinels and the score of soldiers reclining lazily at the base of the buildings, out of the direct influence of the fierce ten o'clock sun, hardly deigned to cast an eye at our tame-looking cavalcade. This was very fortunate for us, as the arms with which we were so plentifully supplied were unobserved. Having no permit to carry them, we might have been subjected to a heavy fine.

After we were fairly through, without delay or annoyance, our faces perceptibly broadened at the ludicrous contrast between this entry of ours, and the dashing one of the gallant gentlemen mentioned above.





W. L. RINE

Chapultepec.

PLATE XIII.

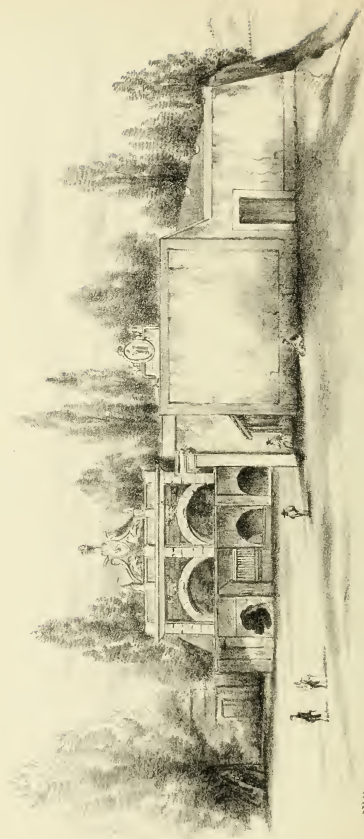
CHAPULTEPEC.

THE hill of Chapultepec was the site of the favourite residence of Montezuma. It is of porphyritic rock, one hundred and fifty feet high, about three miles from the gates of Mexico, and crowned at present with a castle built by the Viceroy Galvez, at the end of the seventeenth century. The buildings are used as a military school. From the top, a fine view is obtained of the city and valley. The grounds around the hill are beautifully laid out in romantic shady walks. The northern, eastern, and southern sides are very precipitous. They show what are called Montezuma's fish-ponds. The large spring outside the walls excels anything I have seen for beautiful clear water. It was carried to the city, in the time of Montezuma, through two earthen pipes, each conveying a stream the size of a man's body.

The grounds contain many immense cypress trees. One of them is called Montezuma's Cypress, and is fifty feet in circumference. It is a most nobly proportioned tree, and from its branches is pendulous the moss of ages. The cypress tree at Atlixco is seventy-six feet in circumference, but its trunk is hollow, while this one is in a perfectly sound condition.

The castle, with a strong garrison under General Bravo, was carried by storm, September 13, 1847.

From the top of the western end of the hill, you look down upon the long range of low stone buildings called Molino del Rey—the king's mill—where, on the 8th September, took place the most strongly contested battle of the war.



W. H. Sturges

Wicket Gate.

PLATE XIV.

B E L E N G A T E.

AN aqueduct leads directly to the city from Chapultepec, entering at the Belen gate. Along this aqueduct, after the fall of Chapultepec, General Quitman advanced, and early in the afternoon successfully stationed himself at the Garita. Immediately inside was the Citadel, strongly fortified, to the fire from which, and also from the fortifications raised on the Paseo—which runs along the side of the city, at right angles to the aqueduct—he was exposed till nightfall.

In the meantime General Worth had passed along another aqueduct, skirting the northern side of Chapultepec, and entering the city at the San Cosmé gate, which he carried by storm towards night, and took up his quarters inside; penetrating, as the morning advanced, to the Alameda.

At dawn, General Quitman, finding the Citadel in front of him deserted, put a garrison in it, and marched directly to the Plaza Mayor, where General Scott arrived during the day, and took up his quarters in the palace.

The accompanying sketch is taken from the Paseo, at a point between the Garita and the Citadel.

The distant elevation on the right, is the hill and castle of Chapultepec, as seen from the Paseo.



W. H. W. H.

City of Mexico.

PLATE XV.

CITY OF MEXICO—FROM THE PASEO NUEVO.

THE city being on a perfect level, no satisfactory general view of it is practicable from the outskirts. The sketch, Plate XV., is taken from the Paseo, principally for the fine view it gives of the great volcanoes, whose huge crests, enveloped in perpetual snow, are the most striking objects presented to the eye from the Capital.

The Paseo is a broad road raised a little above the surrounding meadow land, and planted on both sides with trees. On a fine afternoon it is crowded with carriages and horsemen. Some of the carriages are magnificent, and drawn by splendid horses. The trappings of the horses of some of the gentlemen are very costly, the pommel, stirrups, bit, &c., being of solid silver; sometimes, it is said, even of gold.

The present city was commenced in 1524, and is built on piles. The streets run at right angles, nearly north and south, east and west. The churches are large and splendid.

The Cathedral, on one side of the plaza, stands on the ruins of the great *teocalli*, or temple of the god Mexitli. The interior is rich and imposing. On the western side of the Cathedral is inserted an immense carved block, disinterred from the Plaza some years ago, the most interesting relic of the kind in existence.

The houses are generally three or four stories high, with flat terrace roofs. They form squares, with open courts, and the interior piazzas are often beautifully adorned with flowers.

The Alameda is a large park, with fountains, and roads large enough to admit carriages. It is a very gay scene on a Sunday afternoon.

The snow-capped mountains in the engraving are the volcanoes of Puebla, which bound the valley on the south. The one on the right is Popocatepetl—the hill that smokes—the loftiest mountain in North America. It is almost a regular cone, seventeen thousand eight hundred and fifty-two feet above the ocean, and more than eleven thousand feet above the surrounding plains.

Iztaccihuatl—the white woman—is of a broken, irregular form, fifteen thousand seven hundred feet high. It is nearer to the city than Popocatepetl.

Along a line running east to west, are ranged the five burning volcanoes of Tuxtla, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Jorullo, and Colima, nearly at right angles to the direction of the Cordillera. The volcano of Jorullo is comparatively new, having been formed in 1759. Orizaba is a beautiful and lofty cone, covered with perpetual snow. It is in full view from Vera Cruz and the Gulf of Mexico. Colima is the most westerly of the volcanoes, and can be seen from the Pacific Ocean.

The basin of Mexico is of an oval form, about eighteen leagues in length and twelve in breadth, and seven thousand four hundred and seventy feet above the sea.

The rainy season begins in the month of June, and ends in October. It commences several weeks sooner at Vera Cruz than on the central table land.

The dark hill to the right of the engraving, between Popocatepetl and the buildings, is El Peñon, eight miles from the city, rising out of the extensive barren plain which extends along its eastern side. General Scott turned it on his march to the Capital, making the circuit of Lake Chalco, coming out on the Acapulco road.

The journey between Mexico and Vera Cruz is usually made in a diligence: distance two hundred and seventy-nine miles.

Leaving the city early in the morning, travellers arrive at Puebla at sunset, and pass the night there. It is a large town of eighty thousand inhabitants. In its neighbourhood are the remains of the great Pyramid of Cholula.

The second night is passed at Perote. The third day and night are passed in the diligence, with the exception of two or three hours' rest at Jalapa. Vera Cruz is reached about nine o'clock on the morning of the fourth day.

The road passes along the base of Cerro Gordo, the steep conical hill which was carried by a storming party led on by Colonel Harney, April 18th, 1847.

It also passes over the magnificent bridge called first the Puente del Rey, then Puente Imperial, and now the National Bridge.

Warren

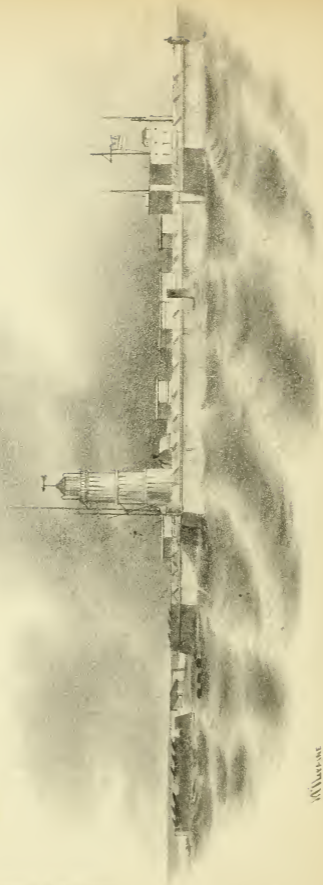


PLATE XVI.

CASTLE OF SAN JUAN D'ULLOA.

THE island on which this fortress was erected, at an expense of two hundred millions of francs, was visited, in 1518, by Juan de Grixalva, who, finding there the remains of human sacrifices, and being told they were done by the orders of the King of Acolhua, mistook the meaning, and supposed Ulua to be the name of the island. Human sacrifices took place on several of the small islands round, one of them being still called *Isla de Sacrificios*.

The island of San Juan d'Ulloa is opposite the centre of the city of Vera Cruz, about a thousand yards distant. The city contains fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is encircled on the land side by fortifications. General Scott commenced the bombardment on the 22d March, and on the 29th the city and castle surrendered.

The walls of the houses, which form hollow squares, are very thick, and exclude the heat. They have flat terrace roofs.

The city is surrounded by sand-hills and ponds of stagnant water. The coldest month is January. Sickness generally disappears during December, January, and February, to return again with the heat of March.

The anchorage at Vera Cruz is so very insecure as hardly to deserve the name of a harbour.

The northers, so much dreaded by navigators, generally blow from north-north-west and north-west, and they arise in an instant.

I was roused by the servants on the morning of the day on which the steamer was to sail, with the intelligence that a norther was just coming up, and that if I did not hasten aboard, the communication between the shore and the steamer would be cut off.

I hastened accordingly down to the Mole, where the boatmen, in the sums demanded for carrying me off, took the usual advantage of strangers

in stress of weather. Their little boats danced about on the angry waves, and required all the exertions of their owners to keep them from being dashed to pieces against the wall. The sea was already dashing over the solid masonry as if to sweep it away. Immense masses of sublime clouds darkened the sky. So, jumping into a skiff, we pushed off, and after much plunging and diving about, found ourselves soaked to the skin, and out of breath, on the deck of the steamer.

Three days and a half afterwards we dropped anchor off Mobile Point.

THE END

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